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1918



HYMN OF  
FREE PEOPLES TRIUMPHANT  
HERMANN HAGEDORN



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*By Hermann Hagedorn*

Barbara Picks a Husband

Faces In The Dawn

Makers of Madness

The Great Maze—The Heart of Youth

Where Do You Stand?

You Are The Hope of The World

HYMN OF  
FREE PEOPLES  
TRIUMPHANT



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BY

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HYMN OF  
FREE PEOPLES  
TRIUMPHANT



*Knowest thou not this of old, since man was  
placed upon the earth,*

*That the triumphing of the wicked is short,  
and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment?*

*Though his excellency mount up to the  
heavens, and his head reach unto the clouds;*

*Yet he shall perish forever like his own dung:  
they which have seen him shall say, Where is he?*

*He shall fly away as a dream, and shall not  
be found: yea, he shall be chased away as a  
vision of the night.*

*I would seek unto God, and unto God would  
I commit my cause*

*—Book of Job*





## HYMN OF FREE PEOPLES TRIUMPHANT

Out of the depths of defeat, thou hast  
    raised us, O God!

Our enemies came upon us, like thieves  
    they came,

Like waters that burst the sluice, like a  
    down-storming flood,

Like fire on the hills, flaunting to heaven  
    the flame;

Out of the north like the invincible sea

    Pounding with breaker on pitiless  
    breaker the shore;

## H Y M N

Out of the night like a ravisher stealthily  
Tiptoeing up the stair to an unlocked  
door—

They crept, they came, they poured, they  
thundered, they beat.

We fell before them, like mowed grass  
we went down.

They smote us, they slew us, they tram-  
pled us under their feet;

They stretched out their greedy hands;  
to the coveted crown

They stretched out their terrible arms,  
bristling and vast.

H Y M N

And thou wert with us. They stormed.  
And we stood fast.

Out of the arms of the grave, thou hast  
drawn us, O Lord!

We cried: "We will strike him here where  
his heart lies bare.

He called for the sword, now shall he die  
by the sword!

Dreamer of dreams forbidden, we come,  
beware!"

We came, we struck, we harried, we  
plunged on.

But the monster opened his arms, he  
opened them wide,

## H Y M N

And in bogs and glades by craft were we  
    undone,

And he drew us close in his terrible arms,  
    and we died.

And he smote us again; in the lowlands,  
    seeking the sea,

By the dunes and the dikes, charging,  
    he came in his pride!

And we called the fetterless ocean to strike  
    for the free,

We called our brother the sea to fight at  
    our side!

And the deep sea covered the fields as men  
cover the dead.

And the foe came on through the waters  
and floundered and fell;

And again he came on, singing, with lifted  
head,

And sank; and again he came on through  
the terrible

Waters of death, and we met him, and  
hand to hand

Fought in the ruins of homes; in the  
storm and the cold

We grappled, we thrust, we stabbed  
through that wild lost land;

And "Calais!" he cried, and "Calais!" the  
echo rolled.

To the ruins and blood-red waters came  
quiet at last.

For thou wert with us. He faltered. But  
we stood fast.

Out of the Valley of Death, Lord, thou  
hast led us!

By the sea we lay panting with burning  
eyes;

By the dunes, by the flooded fields, where  
the wind fed us

Despair, and day was blacker with sur-  
mise

Than ever night with storms, we crouched;  
but lo,  
On the plains afar, on the brown fields,  
facing the west,  
Not of dismay and imminent overthrow,  
Through the day, through the dark, we  
made a spectral guest;  
God, how we came with banners! With  
drums, we came!  
Flashing the sun back, sparkling, we  
came on!  
Our enemy fled. Down the gray gorge of  
shame  
He drew away as the dark draws away  
from the dawn.

## H Y M N

We cried, "Now, he is ours!" but lo, in the  
north,

Like a new spear flashing, he sprang;  
again; again!

And back and forth we lunged; and back  
and forth

Like wrestlers with bloodshot eyes who  
heave and strain

At the abyss's edge, we tossed panting; we  
sprang back;

Grappled, recoiled; grappled again; lay  
still;

Arms locked, eye to red eye demoniac;  
Limbs lax; astir only the invincible will.



And again by the white peaks, bugles and  
victory-laughter,

Legions of marching men, files without  
end!

Death on the winding roads; slaughter,  
and triumph after!

Biting winds on the passes and April after  
Where the winding roads descend.

God, how we came with banners! God, how  
they fled,

Crag to crag, leaping, stricken, down the  
gray slopes!

We crashed upon them like waters bursting  
their bed,

Like churning waters, whirling away  
their hopes.

“At last! At last! Now is the end!” we cried.

But our enemy thrust from the dark;  
terribly he thrust.

And we melted like snow from the gay,  
green mountain-side;

To the icy passes we fled like windblown  
dust.

And the foe plunged and came on; with  
thunder and flame

He cut him a highway and paved it with  
bones and blood;

## H Y M N

Of eyes and palpitant hearts that knew  
thy name,

God, and knew love and beauty and  
fatherhood,

An instrument to batter a bastion low

He fashioned him there, God; and smote  
us.

Dear Lord,

Who knowest all things, this also thou  
dost know;

Not lightly there we yielded to thy  
abhorred.

He lunged, he trampled, he plunged; he  
swept us aside.

H Y M N

We died, we rose from the dead, we died,  
we died.

*God, in the Valley, in the silvery canyon of  
Death,  
Thou gavest our lips water and our lungs  
breath;  
Thou gavest our eyes sweet pictures to gaze  
upon;  
Thou gavest our hearts sweet love to feed  
upon;  
Thou gavest our spirits music of thine own  
making,  
Of daylight breaking,*

*And slumbering birds and slumbering worlds  
awaking.*

*Thou gavest our spirits food to eat,  
Bread and apples, honey and meat,  
And hands to clasp and fields to sow  
And children to fondle, as long ago.*

*Thou art home-fires to them who gave and  
are done with giving.*

*But a ring of ten thousand chariots thou art  
to the living!*

God, in disaster thou hast been near to us.

We cried, "We will strike our foe by  
land and by sea;

## H Y M N

In the narrow way, by the strait gate  
perilous,  
Where the black heart blasphemous  
Camps and breaks bread with our Lord's  
black enemy,  
We will make us a road; to his throat we  
will carve us a way!"

Over the sea, over the wine-dark sea,  
From the ends of the earth with singing  
and banter gay  
For the love of a ravished bride, sweet  
Liberty,

## H Y M N

We came; and round us were spectres of  
dazzling ships;

And above us the charging and clashing  
of clamorous ghosts;

And before us the deathless magic of  
Helen's lips

And the deep voice of Agamemnon call-  
ing his hosts.

Lemnos gave greeting, Samothrace a  
cheer,

And the ashes of Ilium sang as we drew  
near.

## H Y M N

Lord God, thou knowest that we were glad  
to die.

Our strength, our hope, our vision of far,  
loved faces,  
Of sweet years hand in hand and eye in  
eye,  
And children and friends, old paths and  
familiar places,  
Lord, these were all we had to give; we  
gave them;  
Throwing away our dreams that we might  
save them.



## H Y M N

We died in the sea, we died in the snares  
of the beaches;

We died in the daffodils, when their cups  
were red;

We died amid wails and singing and mad-  
men's screeches

And crawling fire and under the piled-up  
dead.

We landed, we stormed, we stabbed, we  
pressed on, we prevailed;

We hungered, we thirsted, we burned, we  
fell back, we failed.

## H Y M N

God, in black days thou hast kept true to  
us!

Our enemy laughed; he said, "They are  
babes at war.

What are they, to match their swords  
presumptuous

With the sword of a conqueror?"

And he gathered his legions and smote us  
where we were weak.

With treachery and a sword, with guile  
and a blow,

He fell on our fields like winter and left  
them bleak,

He came on our cities like Judgment and  
trampled them low.

We stood, we fought; by the river, black  
with his coming,

For a high price, we sold each drop of  
freemen's blood!

But our foe came on with his hordes and  
his vultures humming;

Like a glacier, darkly, like a slow-rising  
flood,

Like a plague of locusts that leaves the  
green fields brown,

He came; we fought in the valley, we  
poured death from the heights;

## H Y M N

We defied the tide; the thunder we thundered down.

But he came as the dark comes, putting out the light;

He came as death comes, putting dreams to flight.

And we fled to the mountains, we fled with our loves in our arms;

Starving and bleeding, we staggered, with Terror behind

Flaring to heaven, and around us the whirling storms

And the snow on our loved ones lost and the pitiless wind.

## H Y M N

But our foe cried, "Fools! that die for a  
phantom-light!  
Shatter your hearts, if you must. I stand.  
I am Might!"

II

God, in defeat, in the deluge of black defeat

Thou blewest upon our courage and kept it burning.

Thou wast a light along the blackened street;

By empty chairs a promise of returning.

Thou wast the sword of Liberty, agonizing,

Thou wast the still small voice in the battle's din:

“The wicked are caught in the snares of their own devising.

Faint not, fight on. Only the just shall win!”

Thou knowest, Lord, we fought and fainted  
not.

We suffered all things, hunger and cold  
and pain,  
Death with the huddled dead, and death,  
forgot

In some lost crater alone with the dark  
and the rain;  
Fever and endless obeying and digging and  
carrying  
And slaughter and evil winds and gather-  
ing and burying.  
We bore them all, for something, dim-  
discerned,

That in our hearts like white auroras  
burned.

And our enemy ravaged our fields and  
ravished our treasures,

And he made our maidens and golden  
boys his slaves;

And he slaughtered our babes and took our  
wives for his pleasures,

And was king by the grace of volleys and  
open graves.

And he sent his vultures scattering death  
at whim,



And his demon-ships to gather glory for  
 him;  
 And the spirits of earth and air came at his  
 nod  
 And blew green poisons to put out the eyes  
 of God.

*Under the beak of black hours ravenous,  
 God of free peoples, Thou hast been true to us!*

III

And again our enemy gathered his legions,  
and struck.

With flashing of myriad thunders, crash-  
ing, he came on.

And the walls of our stronghold shuddered  
and heaved and shook,

And the solid earth churned as the sea  
in the muddy dawn;

And plunging out of the dark as the waves  
of the sea,

Breaker on breaker, he charged the hills of  
the free.

And the waves came, broke and ebbcd, and  
other waves came.

Up from the infinite deep, up the wild  
shore

They climbed, they broke in a crackle of  
fierce flame;

They surged, they shuddered, they  
crumbled, they were no more.

And out of the wallowing ground like the  
dead, emerging,

Through the fog and the snow the gray-  
green waves came surging.

## H Y M N

And our bodies grew faint with slaying,  
our eyes grew dim,  
And our strong walls sprang in the air  
and fell and were dust;  
And nearer and nearer the hills' shot-shat-  
tered rim  
The seething deep his terrible fingers  
thrust.  
And giddy and sick we faced the charging  
mass.  
"They shall not pass, dear God! They  
shall not pass."

*Friend of the free, when man's weak bar-  
riers fall,*

*Thou art a wall, great Lord, thou art a wall!*

And we struck our enemy, struck to east  
and to west,

Struck on the sea, struck in the huddled  
town.

The darkness we gave no sleep, the silence  
no rest,

Pity no bed to lay her weariness down.  
And the battle boiled and seethed and bub-  
bled and fell

## H Y M N

In the rocking cauldron over the coals of  
hell;  
And the breath of a hundred valleys went  
out in thunder,  
And a thousand villages crumbled and  
were stamped under;  
And the strong were afraid and the weak  
met death with a shout;  
And gods, like an empty lamp, sputtered  
and went out;  
And shapes rose out of graves and dragged  
at kings;  
And hands in the dark broke the bright  
bubbles of kings;

And loud and wild on the uttermost crags  
and coasts

Ebbd and flowed the supplications of  
ghosts.

And hate the sower was choked by a world  
of haters;

And monstrous offspring sprang on their  
own creators;

And high seats toppled and proud kings  
begged for bread;

And golden banners flared to the dawn,  
blood-red;

And nations died and nations rose from  
the dead.

And once more our enemy flung forth his  
legions; once more  
With thundering mouths and drums and  
clattering swords  
And mad-eyed Terror with torches running  
before,  
He came, he came with his hordes!

And he beat against us; with iron hands  
from our heights  
He hurtled us down; from our valleys on  
waves of blood,



Terribly on, through the days and the red  
    nights  
He swept us like a flood.

And the snake in the covert hissed, "Break  
    and flee!"

And the jackal barked in the dark, "He  
    hangs at your throat!"

But thy children lifted their heads, re-  
    membering thee,  
And stood, and turned, and smote!

Lord God of high heaven, sword and shield  
    of the free!

## H Y M N

Splendor, defender of light and liberty!  
Arms to the weak of arm, eyes to the dim  
    of eye,  
Comfort and confidence to them that go  
    to die!  
Confounder of tyranny, smiter of perfidy,  
Uplifter of burdens fallen on the way to  
    thee!  
Breaker of snares, blunter of swords,  
Terror and turner of infidel hordes,  
Pursuer of the foes of light, harrier of the  
    unjust,  
Trampler of the rebellious with hoofs in  
    the dust!

## H Y M N

Driver with whips, driver with scorpions,  
Driver with thunders, terribler than guns,  
Dropper of bursting fire on the hearts of  
the proud,

Blower of biting death on the hopes of the  
haughty-browed—

Our enemy is shattered,

Our enemy is flown!

His charging hosts are scattered,

His towers are overthrown!

His trumpets trumpet vainly

To stay the last retreat.

The monstrous beast ungainly

Lies at thy conquering feet!

## H Y M N

Redeemer of nations, burster of prison-  
gates;

Lifter from broken hearts of chains and  
weights;

Feeder of famished hearts, joiner of hands,

Returner of exiles from alien strands;

Bringer of morning, bringer of air,

Kindler of laughter in ashes of despair!—

Preserver! Glorious!

From the hills and the crashing sea,

Thy freemen, victorious,

Jubilantly run to Thee!

Not with shouting and singing,

Exultant trumpet or drum,

But with hearts like church-bells ring-  
ing,

Conqueror, we come!

Devouring fire, invincible light!

Builder of dawn on the ruins of night!

Builder with music of the crystal halls of  
day,

God, we are Thine! Command and we  
obey!















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